

# Good Morning

\$36

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

Slavery and Freedom, when excessive, are evils, but when moderate, are altogether good... Plato.

THIS war is being fought for Freedom—Freedom from Nazi tyranny and ruthless subjection by any over-ruling creed.

And it is to be hoped that, this time, the aims for which millions have sacrificed their lives already, will be realised, and though no person ever believes that a war, no matter how gigantic, can end wars, everybody hopes that somehow THIS ONE will achieve the seemingly impossible.

We are unanimous in our desires for a freedom which cuts out that "gun in your back" control; for a freedom which eliminates every form of slavery; for a freedom which is not gained at the expense of others... which does not create a nation, one per cent, masters and ninety-nine per cent, servants... yet... we are also unanimous that some sort of control must be maintained.

No race or individual can go "hay wire," and excuse it under the guise of freedom.

In actual fact, there is very little freedom anywhere... even in a South Seas island paradise, where nobody seems to work, and everybody appears to be prosperous, there must be some sort of authority, some recognition of a code through which law and order are kept.

And so, as usual, we find these ideals cannot be realised if the individual does not play the game.

### CAN ALL HAVE IT?

What YOU want for freedom, may be also what I want, yet may be just what someone else decides we cannot have.

The average man is quite prepared to submit to the laws of his land... to pay his taxes... to work a full day for decent remuneration... to be a good citizen... he will do all these, providing he has some leisure in which to do what he wishes.

And surely to goodness he is entitled to THAT.

But does he (or she) get it? Not on your life.

That inexplicable thing called convention simply strangles most of us. Such and such a thing is "not done"... this or that is "not the thing"... Why, a man cannot go without a collar, even in an open-necked shirt... to business, without causing a scene, and though clothing coupons are as rare as mid-winter strawberries, and stockings at a premium, some ladies would never dream of going stocking-less.

These are only two of the countless follies of convention... they are not really bad ones, either... we can tolerate them, but there are others which are much more irksome.

And even these are dwarfed beside the choking restrictions we place upon each other... restrictions which we form ourselves out of our own jealousy or meanness, restrictions which we impose because of our narrow-mindedness.

These, to my mind, are the most cruel tortures of all.

Because, unlike taxation and law-abiding, they are the creatures of spite, hatred and possessiveness.

What FREEDOM is there for a child, living in a world of unnecessary "Don'ts"? What FREEDOM is there for a man or woman forced to spend their leisure (?) in an atmosphere of "MUST you do this or that?"

What FREEDOM is there for anyone who can't do even a harmless act without having to explain the whys and wherefores of it to a critical soulless tyrant.

The man who spends his evenings totting up how much his wife has spent, is as despicable as the wife who "third degrees" her husband every time he steps over the threshold.

The chap who "noses" into his wife's affairs is no better than the wife who suspects her husband from the moment he vanishes out of her sight.

And the only sensible way of "holding" either man or wife, is to allow them FREEDOM. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will NOT abuse it.

### UNSEEN BONDS.

On the other hand, it is the feeling of being bound hand and foot which sets people longing for what they think is freedom... freedom from shackles... and though they find it unsatisfactory, they hang on to it rather than submit to the crushing "nerve-war" of their opposite number.

Why on earth do husbands think they OWN their wives, and wives imagine that they POSSESS their husbands, and both decide that they GOVERN the very breath of their offspring?

Why this tyrannical, soul-destroying business? Mainly through weakness.

The bullies are at heart the cowards. The possessive ones are the very ones who talk glibly of freedom. Freedom is the child of the generous loving.

You cannot love AND unnecessarily restrict... neither must you love, and abuse.

We want more Love in the world. More understanding of the word BROTHERHOOD... more trust. And no law of any land will guarantee Love.

It is inborn, and may be cultivated just like any plant—responding to the care and affection of the gardener.

The only REAL Freedom is Spiritual. There are no dimensional boundaries.

And from it MUST come an appreciation of Freedom here. No man can be spiritually great, and at the same time small-minded.

Did Jesus ever commit a mean act? Was He ever guilty of pettiness? He did not even force anyone to follow Him. He just set the example. Yet He DREW the multitudes to Him.

He gave freedom of thought to everyone. He organised the Brotherhood of Man on the simple doctrine of "Love one another."

It still holds and, what is more, nothing has been found to replace it, even after two thousand years.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

J. S. Newcombe asks

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IF you look in your diary for 1944 you'll probably find a page giving the dates of movable church festivals, and such items, puzzling to many of us, as Golden Number, Epact, and the Dominical Letter for the year.

What do these obscure terms mean, anyway?

They relate to the system by which the calendar is constructed, a system so complex that few people could carry it in their heads.

Put simply, the purpose of the calendar is to divide the year systematically into months, weeks and days, a year being the time occupied by the earth in making one complete revolution round the sun.

The chief calendar of Christendom is the Roman Gregorian, but there are also Hebrew, Chinese and Mohammedan calendars, all with a year of twelve months.

Really there are two "years." The sidereal year of 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 9 seconds, is the time between two successive conjunctions of the sun with a fixed star; and the solar year of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46 seconds, measures the period between two successive passages through the vernal equinox.

IN the early Roman calendar the number of days in a year kept changing. So much confusion was caused by these changes that in 46 B.C. Caesar and the mathematician, Sosigenes, drew up a scheme and made that year the first of the new Julian calendar.

January 1, the day upon which the consuls assumed office, became the first day of the year. On the basis that the true length of the solar year was 365½ days, it was decided that three ordinary years should be followed by one of 366 days—that is, Leap Year.

But the Julian year of 365½ days was longer than the solar year by 11mins. 14secs. This isn't much in one year, but it is a full day in 128 years.

By 1582 the 11mins. 14secs. error amounted to more than ten days. It was in that year that Pope Gregory XIII, with the aid of Aloysius Lilius, took upon himself the formidable task of reforming the Julian and establishing the Gregorian calendar.

He chopped off ten days and called October 5, 1582, October 15.

Under the Gregorian calendar there is still a slight error of one day in 3,866 years.

The Golden Number, which our 1944 diaries give as 7, is used in calculating the date of Easter. It is probably so called because it was engraved

in golden letters on marble pillars in the Greek cities and marked in gold in the ancient calendars.

It is the number of any year in the Metonic cycle, discovered in 432 B.C. by the Greek astronomer, Meton. The cycle consist of 19 solar years. To find the Golden Number, you add 1 to the year and divide by 19, and the remainder is the Golden Number. Hence 7 is the number for 1944. If there is no remainder, the Golden Number is 19.

The number of days by which the solar year exceeds the lunar year, or the excess of the calendar month over the lunar month, is called Epact.

The excess of the solar year is roughly 11 days. Should the new moon fall on January 1, the Epact of the ensuing year would be zero. On January 1 of the calendar year following, Epact would be 11.

Each year the number is increased accordingly, until, at the end of the lunar cycle, 19 years, the moon's aspects begin to be repeated.

As the moon's age cannot exceed 30 days, the Epact of 22, for example, would be followed by 3, thus: 22 + 11 = 33 - 30 = 3.

The Dominical Letter, more often called Sunday Letter, is also used in the intricate business of constructing the calendar. It must be one of the first



seven letters of the alphabet, and becomes a sort of code for Sunday.

Beginning with A for January, the first seven days of the year each receive the letter that follows. If, therefore, January 1 falls on a Monday, the Sunday or Dominical Letter for the year will be G. As January 1 in 1944 is a Saturday, the letter, we find, is B.

Different countries adopted the Gregorian calendar at various times. Great Britain introduced it in 1752, when the Julian error was rectified by eliminating 11 days between September 2 and September 14.

A popular catch in parlour quiz games is to ask a question involving one of these days—say, September 10, 1752. Of course, there never was such a date.

The commencement of the year in England varied through the centuries. It was reckoned from Christmas Day until 1066; from January 1, 1067-1155; from March 25 1156-1751; and in 1752 it reverted to January 1.

The Church accepted the civil calendar and added its own festivals and saints' days, which were used in dating church records and private documents.

Each church thus came to have its own calendar. In England, law sittings and university terms are partly regulated by the holy days of the Church.

Some of these festivals are listed in our diaries, and their origins are full of interest.

Lammas, which falls always on August 1, is the feast of the grain harvest. Originally one of the four great pagan festivals of Britain, it was adopted by the Christian Church and given the name of Hlaf-mass, that is, Loaf-mass, a loaf being the usual offering at church. The name was subsequently shortened to Lammas.

Another Anglo-Saxon word, Hlaf-dig, meaning bread dispenser, was softened in time and became "lady."

In defiance of the proverb that a cat in mittens catches no mice, it was once customary to give money to servants on Lammas Day to buy gloves. Catholic families also gave to the Pope on this day one penny—the Denarius Sancti Petri, or Peter's Penny.

Epiphany is the twelfth day after Christmas, and the meaning of the word is "appearance." The festival commemorates the appearing of Christ to the Gentiles, or, more exactly, to the three Magi, who came, led by a star, to worship the Infant immediately after His birth.

This day of the three Magi, or Kings—Melchior, Jasper and Balthazar—stands second only to Christmas in popularity, though prior to the year 813 the two festivals were celebrated on the same day.

Time was when, at Epiphany, people indulged in a pleasantry called "The Election of Kings by Beans." A large cake was baked with a bean inserted, and whoever had the bean in his

portion of cake was accepted as king for the day, and called King of the Bean.

On Twelfth Day, 1563, Mary Queen of Scots played the game at Holyrood. The bean falling to her attendant, Mary Fleming, the Queen crowned her "Queen of the Bean," and arrayed her in the Royal robes and jewels, that she might uphold the mimic dignities of the rôle.

Candlemas, which honours the Purification of the Virgin, derives its name from the Catholic ceremony of blessing candles by the clergy and distributing them to worshippers, who afterwards carry them lighted in procession.

Candle-bearing no doubt has its origin in the words of Simeon, when, on the occasion of Mary's churching, he took the infant Jesus in his arms and declared He was "a light to lighten the Gentiles."

This gave rise to a custom among women to carry candles with them when they went to be churched after recovery from childbirth.

A remarkable allusion to this custom occurs in English history.

William the Conqueror became fat and unwieldy in middle age, and was at one time confined to bed with a prolonged illness.

"Methinks," remarked his enemy, the King of France, "the King of England lies long in childbed."

"When I am church'd," retorted William, upon hearing of the quip, "there shall be a thousand lights in France!"

There were, too. For William, after his recovery, invaded France and laid waste to the land by fire and the sword.

Send us  
Your  
Queries,  
Criticism



See address on  
back page.

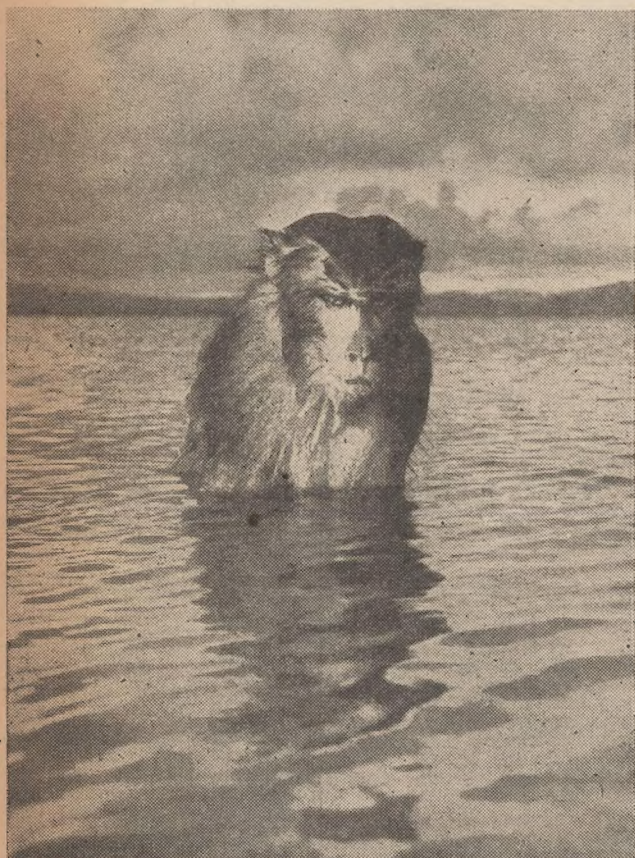




# WHO'S ZOO

By the Zoo Man

## PORTRAIT OF A WEARY BACHELOR



YOU see in this photograph the extraordinary spectacle of a monkey sitting chest deep in eighteen inches of Caribbean Sea.

Monkeys, like schoolboys, have a healthy contempt for water. But this platyrrhine fellow, who lives in a colony on Santiago Island, off Porto Rico, hates something more than water.

He hates women. Their senseless, ceaseless chatter makes home unbearable for him. There are hundreds of these female gossips in the colony, and they talk from dawn to sundown.

You see how he escaped from it all.

I shall not easily forget my surprise when he emerged from the wood, dashed across the beach in front of me, and plunged into the sea.

I looked about to see who was pursuing the creature, but nothing appeared.

He half swam, half scampered through the water, and I watched him come to rest on a sand-bar nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore.

The director of the colony, Michael Tomlin, told me that this monkey was a confirmed bachelor, "and a bit neurotic," he added.

Neurotic he certainly must have been, for monkeys are family people.

The West African gorilla, the largest of the anthropoid apes, is an ideal husband and father. At night he builds a sleeping nest in the tree branches for the mother and young. Owing to his great weight—anything up to 400 lbs.—the male sleeps on the ground.

So much does this family life mean to the gorilla, and to others of the primates, that no specimen has lived for longer than five years in our zoological gardens.

## DEATH WAS THE SERPENT

BY the discovery of two dead men on a lonely island, a mystery that has puzzled the world for some time may be solved.

The find was made by two American fishermen who had been blown out of their course on to Marchena Island, one of the most northern of the Galapagos Group, a thousand miles west of Panama.

As they neared the reefs they saw what they took to be a flag on a pole. They landed, and found, not a flag, but a man's shirt, soiled and torn, a mere rag.

Not far from this signal of distress they came upon the remains of a small boat, and under the boat the badly decomposed bodies of two men. Nearby were the remains of a dead seal, a quantity of used matches, a small heap of sticks, built up in preparation for a fire, a few faded sheets of paper that may have been letters—and a passport bearing the name Alfred Rudolf Lorenz.

That name gave them the clue to a tragedy which turned a Garden of Eden into what has been called Murder Island.

You may recall how, soon after the first World War, a German dentist, Dr. Ritter, announced that he intended to forsake civilization and go to a tropic island, there to live "the natural, simple life." But his wife refused to leave Berlin, and Ritter then said he would take with him instead a woman friend, Frau Dore Koerwin.

### BARONESS BOSS.

Ritter and his friend made every preparation for life on the island. In order, for instance, that they might never be troubled with toothache, they had all their teeth drawn and dentures made. They made sure, as far as possible, that the ills of civilization would not follow them to their paradise.

The island they intended to live on, and claimed would be their Eden, was Floreana, one of the northerly islands in the Galapagos Group. Ritter did not know, when he and Frau Koerwin sailed for Floreana, that already there were other people there.

When they arrived they found that one of the colonists was Baroness de Wagner Wehrborn, who had established herself there with two paramours, a friend called Robert Phillipson, and her acknowledged lover, Alfred Lorenz. The three lived in a big shack, and Phillipson did most of the housekeeping.

The Baroness herself ruled the island like a queen. It was an ideal spot for primitive conditions, and she seldom wore more than an abbreviated costume of silk shorts and a brassiere.

She carried a revolver stuck into a silk belt, and had already been known to use it against those who wanted to share her Eden.

However, the Ritters managed to get a plot of land. They, too, went about clad in "tropic" garments, but they never approached the Baroness's shack, for they were afraid of trouble.

The Baroness was of a very jealous disposition.

One day, a Norwegian, named Stamps, arrived in a motor-boat, which he tied up on the beach, and proceeded inland to hunt for meat. He remained several days. When the Baroness saw him she shot him dead. He was buried on the island and his boat sunk.

The fishermen of neighbouring islands knew the conditions on this Eden, and none ever went to Floreana lest he should be attacked by this furious Baroness. But from the mainland there arrived one day two Germans named Wittmer, husband and wife, and their half-blind son.

They had known the Baroness in South America and had been promised by her that they could live on Floreana.

They built a log cabin in a part of the bush some distance from that occupied by the Baroness. But they found the living hard. Cactus plants, birds of prey, mosquitoes, and a shortage of water made it difficult to support life.

They stood it for a while, then returned to the mainland. On their return they bore out the tales of the seamen about the Baroness's character. They told also of final tragedy.

### CHANGES LOVERS.

One night, they said, they heard a brawl going on at the Baroness's shack, and several shots. The Wittmers ran through the jungle to the shack, and there found Lorenz standing near the door, revolver in hand, wild-eyed and in a highly excited condition.

At first he refused to answer the queries put to him, but later said that the Baroness had thrown him over and taken Phillipson to be her lover, and that the two had left the island in a boat.

The Wittmers went to the shack and found it deserted. They took Lorenz back with them to their own cabin. But all the time Lorenz kept repeating that he had been "thrown over" for Phillipson.

The Baroness and Phillipson were never seen again; but it was proved that they could not have left the island. Lorenz had shot them dead in a fit of jealousy.

Such was the tragic story the Wittmers told.

But more was to follow. A letter came to Chatham from Dr. Ritter, hinting at grave happenings in the island Eden; and Mr. William Albert Robinson, an American yachtsman, who was voyaging near Panama, determined to solve the mystery of Floreana.

At every island he had touched from Panama to Samoa he had heard the stories of killings in the Eden. He sailed straight for Floreana.

On the way he heard that Dr. Ritter, too, was dead, and Frau Koerwin had managed to get to South America en route for Germany. But Robinson did not worry about them. He was after Lorenz.

When Robinson's yacht arrived at Floreana he found the place deserted, the huts in a tumble-down condition, the "gardens" running wild. The whole place was overlorded by wild birds and unruly Nature.

Leaving Floreana after a thorough investigation, Robinson reached indefatigable Island, where some fishermen lived. There he heard that one of their number had a year previously picked up Lorenz, who was drifting in a small boat, and had brought him in.

Lorenz had persuaded the fisherman to take him to Chatham Island, where he said he wished to catch the island schooner for the mainland. But the fisherman had never returned.

Back to the lonely island of Marchena went Robinson. The name of the boat on which Lorenz had embarked was the Dinamita, a motor craft. And this, Mr. Robinson now asserts, was the boat found on Marchena beside the two bodies.

### HOPED FOR MIRACLE.

In reconstructing the tragedy, Mr. Robinson figures that the fisherman and Lorenz were blown on the reefs that jut out from Marchena, that they managed to save themselves, dragged their boat ashore, and then hoped for a miracle.

That miracle was that they might be rescued.

"But," comments Mr. Robinson, "these two must have known their fate from the moment they landed. There is no water on Marchena."

"At first they killed iguanas, a seal or two, and drank the blood. But their matches had all been soaked, so they had no fire for cooking. They ate raw meat, and that made them ill. With a blistering sun overhead during the day, and cold nights, these two must have known that death was creeping nearer all the time."

As to the fate of the Baroness and Phillipson, Mr. Robinson conjectured that Lorenz had killed them both in their sleep.

**PETER PRENDERGAST**

## SUNDAY FARE



### WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Water on an Urinary Leaf.

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## THE MOLE THAT GOT FREE

NOW that Spring is on the way, Jesse is busy repairing fences ready for turning out the cattle.

Hedging and ditching being a "one-man business" has given two sides to Jesse's character. There is the Jesse full of "wisecracks" amongst his friends at the Plough, and the Jesse who appears just "cracked" amongst his friends of the hedgerow.

He was seated in the hedge-bottom having his mid-morning lunch, when the keeper came along armed with mole-traps. In war-time, the keeper is also the mole-catcher, and together they sat looking over the colony of "mole warps"—moles to you—in the pasture.

Presently, as they sat in silence, there was a slight upheaval at a mole-hill a few yards away, and out came a sleek-fur red mole.

He ran about the grass, thrust his pink nose through the tufts of grass as though exploring some dense forest, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself in the sunshine. He turned quickly aside and scuttered

One male disappeared around the thistle, while the other, after being duly admonished by his partner, slunk obediently behind her into the mole-hill.

"Talk about equality o' sexes, eh, Jesse!" said the keeper.

"I wish there wer'!" responded Jesse, no doubt wondering if Mr. Mole was undergoing a lecture.

"We've got him, anyhow!" went on the keeper, and straightway set one of his traps in the centre of the mole-hill. He set the other traps in various "inhabited-looking" mole-hills, and, having finished, came again to Jesse at his fencing.

"You might give an eye to 'em, Jesse," he said, "if you're working hereabouts!" and Jesse promised he would.

But Jesse is not a very reliable person to leave in charge of traps—though he recognises that moles are a nuisance, and their numbers have to be kept down somehow.



around a dead thistle—from which another mole ran out.

They touched noses, and instantly began to fight. They attacked each other like little furies, and the two watchers knew there would be no giving in by either side, for though moles live in harmony with their neighbours for most of the year, when two males meet in the mating season, it is a savage fight to death.

But not in this case. There was another eruption on the mole-hill, and Mrs. Mole looked out.

She gave one glance at the situation, and fell on the combatants.

He finished his hedge-mending by noon, and walked slowly around the traps. He knew there would be no "catches" yet awhile, for the mole stays "put" for the rest of the day, after being disturbed.

He stopped by the first trap that had been set, and gazed thoughtfully at the heap of fresh-turned earth.

He then poked the two handles of the mole-trap with his hedge knife, and watched them slowly come together.

"Yer a nuisance, but yer deserve a second chance—considerin'!" he said, and went home to dinner.

## PUZZLE CORNER

1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						

Can you find the birds hidden here? They read across only, so try and sort out the letters.

HUTSHR  
ENPATHAS  
CABDKBLIR  
KOEWCOEPRD  
GETRDPAIR  
NRSIGALT  
ROEVPL

Solution to Cryptogram in S35.

A reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog. (A quotation from Edward N. Westcott.)

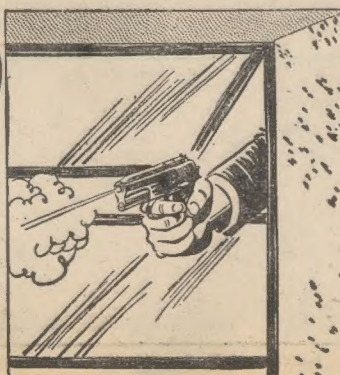
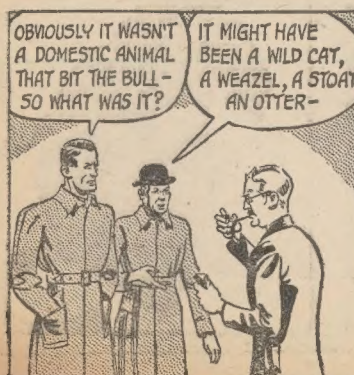
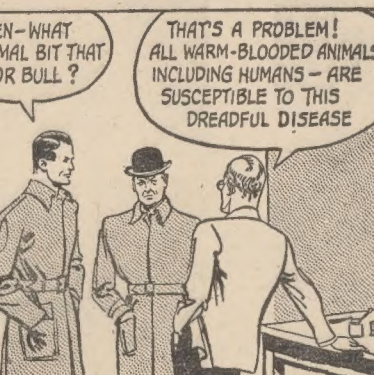
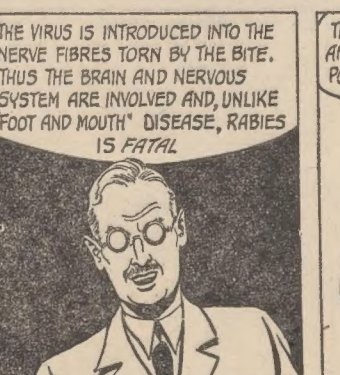
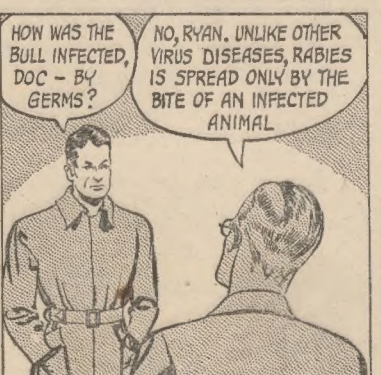
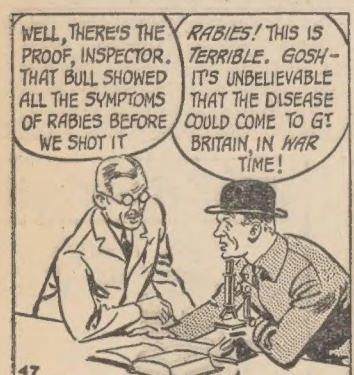
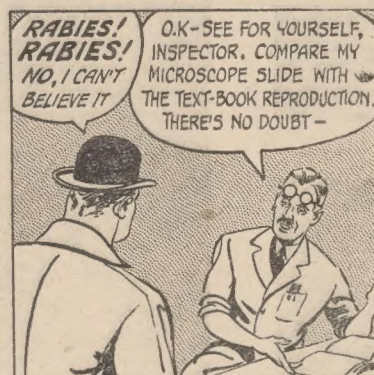
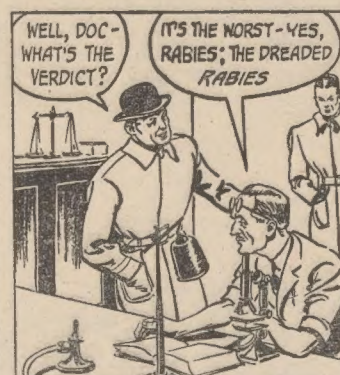
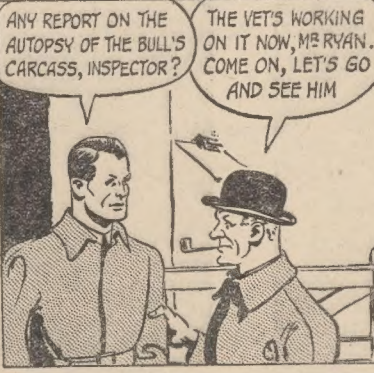
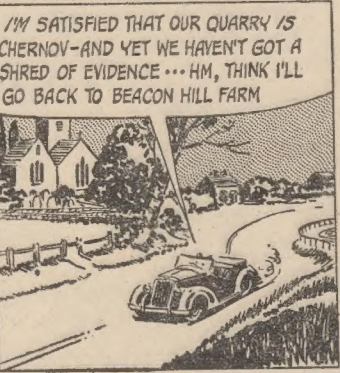
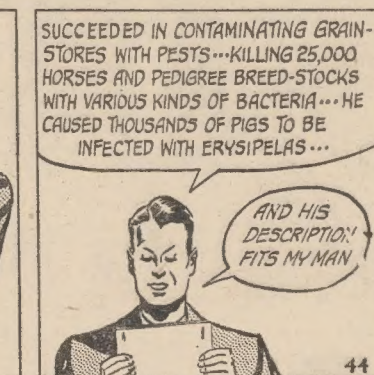
Solution to Flowers Puzzle in S35.

DAFFODIL  
FOXGLOVE  
MARIGOLD  
PRIMROSE  
BLUEBELL  
LAVENDER  
SWEETPEA  
SCABIOUS  
CLEMATIS

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down will give you the name of a "big shot" in Germany at the present moment: 1, A bet. 2, Retards. 3, Precipitous. 4, A Dodecanese island. 5, A wasp will do this. 6, Not yet a major. 7, You cannot see without it.



# BUCK RYAN



## MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK GRACING

IF horse-racing is the sport of kings, greyhound-racing is now the sport of the people. At the present time it is the most popular of any sport in this country, and in spite of war-time restrictions the figures for attendances and tote turnover are assuming record proportions.

When the Greyhound Racing Association launched their venture at Manchester in 1926, the most optimistic member of this little bunch of stalwarts never for one moment had the temerity to visualise the colossal success it would turn out to be.

Most people are under the impression that it was an American innovation. It was brought here as such, but, like so many "new" things from America, it proved to be but an adaptation brought back to its country of origin.

As long ago as 1876 it was offered to the public, but did not attract enough attention to warrant its continuance. This is often the fate of pioneers.

The track was set up at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, and a dummy hare was used as a lure to the racing greyhounds. Another attempt was made in 1890, and again five years later, but all to no successful purpose.

### WORKERS' PLAYTIME.

One supposes that the "dog" public was then looked down upon as rabble.

The miners and other manual workers had their whippet-racing, and there was a tremendous gap between these and the country gentlemen who owned greyhounds.

The success of greyhound-racing is largely due to the owner of moderate means, quite apart from the huge support of the public. Many retired persons with just enough money to finish out their lives in comparative comfort—that is to say, before income tax rose to ten shillings in the pound—welcomed this chance of being able to take a personal interest in sport at no very great expense.

To be an owner of race-horses calls for a fairly full purse, but almost anyone can own a greyhound.

I have seen many good greyhounds, suitable for graded races, sold for a £10 note, and they have not only provided for their keep, but have shown a small profit on prize money.

There are a number of tracks where all the greyhounds are owned by the track company, but this is not a practice that is all for the good of the sport. It is far better for the greyhounds to be privately owned. In the ordinary course of events, a man or woman can own a greyhound or two, and, with ordinary luck, show a small profit, or at least get their sport without having to pay for it.

At the start of the war the tracks all agreed to reduce the prize-money considerably. The various people responsible for the management not unnaturally viewed the prospect with alarm.

They thought that attendances would fall to such an extent that if the tracks were able to pay their way without showing a loss they would be lucky. Instead of falling, attendances have soared, and greyhound-racing finances were never more flourishing.

Such is the fortune of war.

### POST-WAR BOOM.

That it will experience a terrific boom for some time following the end of the war goes without saying. The shortage of ready cash is not likely to make itself felt until the last war gratuity, or income tax credit voucher, has been cashed, and by that time let us hope that all the old businesses have re-opened and new ones started, so that there will be plenty of work for everyone.

Sport is certainly in for a prosperous time, but it will last on a big scale only so long as the general conditions of the country prosper.

The sport of greyhound-racing is in good hands. It is well governed by the National Greyhound Racing Society, and even if one or two misguided persons might get an idea into their heads that they can exploit the keen demand by doing something which would not be in the best interests of the sport, they would quickly be clamped down by the governing body.

That is one of the reasons why greyhound-racing is not likely to lose its popularity.

W. H. MILLIER.

## Laugh with Shaun McAlister

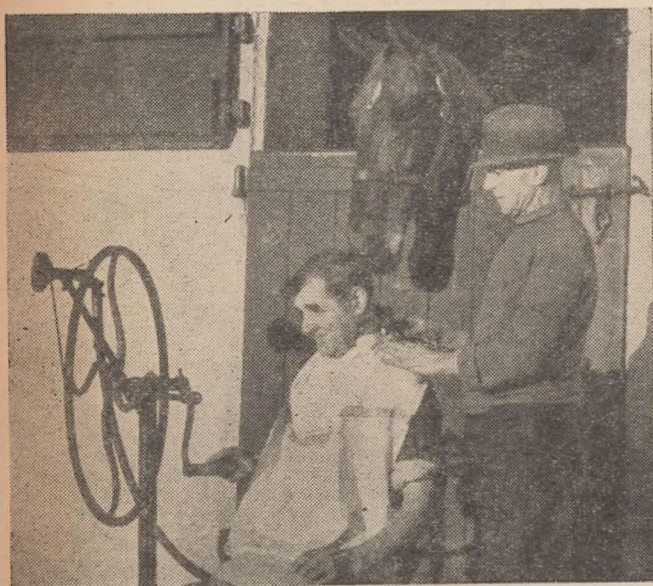
A little girl knocked on the door of a Glasgow flat, and when it was opened, said, "Please, Mrs. McCarthy, my ma's making soup to-day, so would you kindly lend her your bone?" "Tell your mother that Mrs. Robins has it to-day, and it's promised to Mrs. Taylor to-morrow, and anyway I wouldn't lend it to your mother any more, she boiled it too long last time."



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
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London, S.W.1.

# HACKING OFF THE HIRSUTE



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Oh, I prefer  
face fungus."

